

She is hated, this wot I wele.
Hir acquyntaunce wolde no man fele,
Ne han of Elde companye,
Men hate to be of hir alye.
for no man wolde bicomene olde,
Ne dye, whan he is yong and bolde.
And Elde merveilith right gretly,
Whan they remembre hem inwardly
Of many a perelous emprise,
Whiche that they wrought in sondry wyse,
How ever they might, withoute blame,
Escape away withoute shame,
In youthe, withouten damage
Or reproof of her linage,
Losse of membre, sheding of blode,
Perel of deth, or losse of good.
WOST thou nought where Youthe abit,
That men so preisen in her wit?
With Delyt she halt sojour,
for bothe they dwellen in oo tour,
As longe as Youthe is in sesoun,
They dwellen in oon mansioun.
Delyt of Youthe wol have servyse
To do what so he wol devyse;
And Youthe is redy evermore
for to obey, for smerte of sore,
Unto Delyt, and hym to yive
Hir servise, whyl that she may live.
WHERE Elde abit, I wol thee telle
Shortly, and no whyle dwelle,
for thider bihoveth thee to go.
If Deth in youthe thee not slo,
Of this journey thou maist not faille.
With hir Labour and Travaile
Logged been, with Sorwe and Wo,
That never out of hir courte go.
Peyne and Distresse, Syknesse and Ire,
And Malencoly, that angry sire,
Ben of hir paleys senatours;
Groning and Grucching, hir herbergeours,
The day and night, hir to turment,
With cruel Deth they hir present,
And tellen hir, erliche and late,
That Deth stant armed at hir gate.
Than bringe they to hir remembraunce
The foly dedis of hir infauce,
Which causen hir to mourne in wo
That Youthe hath hir bigiled so,
Which sodeynly away is hasted.
She wepeth the tyme that she hath wasted,
Compleynning of the preterit,
And the present, that not abit,
And of hir olde vanitee,
That, but aforin hir she may see
In the future som socour,
To leggen hir of hir dolour,
To graunt hir tyme of repentaunce,
for hir sinnes to do penance,
And at the laste so hir governe
To winne the joy that is eterne,
fro which go bakward Youthe hir made,
In vanitee to droune and wade,
for present tyme abidith nought,

It is more swift than any thought;
So litel whyle it doth endure
That ther nys compe ne mesure.
BUT how that ever the game go,
Who list have joye and mirth also
Of love, be it he or she,
High or lowe, whoso it be,
In fruyt they shulde hem delyte;
Her part they may not elles quyte,
To save hemself in honestee.
And yit ful many oon I see
Of wimmen, sothly for to seyne,
That ay desire and wolde fayne
The pley of love, they be so wilde,
And not coveite to go with childe.
And if with childe they be perchaunce,
They wole it holde a gret mischaunce;
But whosom ever wo they fele,
They wol not pleyne, but concele;
But if it be any fool or nyce,
In whom that shame hath no justyce,
for to delyt echon they drawe,
That haunte this werk, bothe high and lawe,
Save sich that aren worth right nought,
For money wol be bought.
Such love I preise in no wyse,
Whan it is given for coveitise.
I preise no womman, though she be wood,
That yeveth herself for any good,
for litel shulde a man telle
Of hir, that wol hir body selle,
Be she mayde, be she wyf,
That quik wol selle hir, by hir lyf,
How faire chere that ever she make,
He is a wrecche, I undertake,
That loveth such one, for swete or sour,
Though she him calle hir paramour,
And laugheth on him, and makith him feeste,
for certeynly no suche a beeste
To be loved is not worthy,
Or bere the name of druery.
Noon shulde hir please, but he were wood,
That wol dispoile him of his good.
Yit nevertheles, I wol not sey
But she, for solace and for pley,
May a jewel or other thing
Take of her loves free yeving;
But that she aske it in no wyse,
for drede of shame of coveitise.
And she of hirs may him, certeyn,
Withoute sclaundre, yeven ageyn,
And joyne her hertes togidre so
In love, and take and yeve also.
Trowe not that I wolde hem twinne,
Whan in her love ther is no sinne;
I wol that they togidre go,
And doon al that they han ado,
As curteis shulde and debonaire,
And in her love beren hem faire,
Withoute vyce, bothe he and she;
So that alwey, in honestee,
fro foly love they kepe hem clere
That brenneth hertis with his fere;

And that her love, in any wyse,
Be devoid of coveitise.
Good love shulde engendrid be
Of trewe herte, just, and secree,
And not of such as sette her thought
To have her lust, and ellis nought,
So are they caught in Loves lace,
Truly, for bodily solace.
LESHLIY delyt is so present
With thee, that sette al thyn entent,
Withoute more, what shulde I glose?
For to gete and have the Rose;
Which makith thee so mate and wood
That thou desirest noon other good.
But thou art not an inche the nerre,
But ever abydest in sorwe and werre,
As in thy face it is sene;
It makith thee bothe pale and lene;
Thy might, thy vertu goth away.
A sovy gest, in goode fay,
Thou herberdest than in thyn inne,
The God of Love whan thou let inne!
Wherefore I rede, thou shette him out,
Or he shal greve thee, out of doute;
for to thy profit it wol turne,
If he nomore with thee sojourne.
In gret mischeef and sorwe sonken
Ben hertis, that of love am dronken,
As thou peraventure knowen shal,
Whan thou hast lost thy tyme al,
And spent thy youthe in ydilnesse,
In waste, and woful lustinesse;
If thou maist live the tyme to see
Of love for to delivered be,
Thy tyme thou shalt biwepe sore
The which never thou maist restore.
for tyme lost, as men may see,
for nothing may recured be.
And if thou scape yit, atte laste,
Pro Love, that hath thee so faste
Knit and bounden in his lace,
Certeyn, I holde it but a grace.
for many oon, as it is seyn,
Have lost, and spent also in veyn,
In his servyse, withoute socour,
Body and soule, good, and tresour,
Wit, and strengthe, and eek richesse,
Of which they hadde never redresse.
THAS taught and preched bath
Resoun,
But Love spilte hir sermoun,
That was so impied in my thought,
That hir doctrine I sette at nought.
And yit ne seide she never a dele,
That I ne understode it wele,
Word by word, the mater al.
But unto Love I was so thral,
Which callith overal his pray,
He chasith so my thought alway,
And holdith myn herte undir his sele,
As trust and trew as any steele;
So that no devocioun
Ne hadde I in the sermoun
Of dame Resoun, ne of hir rede;

It toke no sojour in myn hede.
for alle yede out at oon ere
That in that other she dide lere;
fully on me she lost hir lore,
Hir speche me greved wondir sore.
THAN unto hir for ire I seide,
for anger, as I dide abraide:
Dame, and is it your wille algate,
That I not love, but that I hate
Alle men, as ye me teche?
for if I do aftir your speche,
Sith that ye seyn love is not good,
Than must I nedis say with mood,
If I it leve, in hatrede ay
Liven, and voide love away
from me, and been a sinful wrecche,
Hated of all that love that tecche.
I may not go noon other gate,
for either must I love or hate.
And if I hate men of newe
More than love, it wol me rewte,
As by your preching semeth me,
for Love nothing ne preisith thee.
Ye yeve good counseil, sikirly,
That prechith me al day, that I
Shulde not Loves lore allowe;
He were a fool, wolde you not trowe!
In speche also ye han me taught
Another love, that knowen is naught,
Which I have herd you not repreve,
To love ech other; by your leve,
If ye wolde diffyne it me,
I wolde gladly here, to see,
At the leest, if I may lere
Of sondry loves the manere.
Raisoun.
ERTIS, freend, a fool art thou
Whan that thou nothing wolt allowe
That I thee for thy profit say.
Yit wol I sey thee more, in fay;
for I am redy, at the leste,
To accomplishe thy requeste,
But I not wher it wol awayle;
In veyne, peraventure, I shal travayle.
LOVE ther is in sondry wyse,
As I shal thee here devyse.
for som love leful is and good;
I mene not that which makith thee wood,
And bringith thee in many a fit,
And ravissith fro thee al thy wit,
It is so merveilous and queynt;
With such love be no more aqueynt.
Comment Raisoun diffinist Amistie.
LOVE of frendshipe also
ther is,
Which makith no man doon
amis,
Of wille knit bitwixe two,
That wol not breke for wele
ne wo;
Which long is lykly to con-
tune,
Whan wille and goodis ben
in comune;